

mouse ran up under her long skirt. She caught it through her skirt and squeezed it and let it drop dead on the floor.

(4) Grandma always had much fun on all the trips, and into her late years would always make the hikes, sometimes being pulled along with a belt or rope. One time while she was on the top of Mount Timpanogos there was a man sitting at the top of the glacier deciding whether or not to slide down. She put her foot between his shoulder blades and gave him the shove he needed. After he was through sliding he called back up to her, "Thanks, lady."

(5) When anyone had colds in the springtime they would drop sulphur on the stove top and it was supposed to help cure them.

PA AS A PEDDLER MEMORIAL DAY, 1965

Our Pa was an honest peddler. He became one so we could be born and eat and live and grow and work, and that's good. We like it now better than we thought we did then.

We had our three acre lot where we lived (Ma finished paying for that one while Pa was on a mission when I was a baby); our ten acre hay farm on Provo Bench; Pete's, twelve solid acres southeast of town where we boys could keep out of trouble picking up rocks, killing sage, or hoeing strawberries ten months out of the year; and "the depot", a multi-magnified acre for the raising of vegetables. Here two lovely flowing wells gave us excuse to get a drink that often ended in a water fight.

Before my memory he peddled to Heber, where he nighted down at Uncle Jesse Bond's. Like everywhere, people loved Pa and Pa loved them. He named Lacy after Lacy Bond (now Duke) still living here, and the last of the family.

In my time, during summer, he made a weekly trip, sometimes two, to Bingham Canyon, some 35 or 40 long

miles. He wore corduroy pants (kinda yellowish-brownish), quite broad-toed shoes and a mustache.

"Load-up Day" was the day we thought we hated. Up before dawn—"get up and hear the little birdies sing!" Pick strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries, dewberries, grapes, apples, apricots, or peaches at Pete's; pull and bunch beets, radishes, lettuce (it was loose in those days), turnips, etc., and dig and sack spuds at the depot. At home—pick cherries (sweet and sour), raspberries, apples, apricots, plums, prunes, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc., then bunch asparagus, rhubarb (we called it power plant, because of its unseen power), cabbage (only we didn't bunch that) and on and on. Suck the little vinegar hose and fill the ten gallon keg out of the big barrels (we made cider each fall from wormy and windfall apples, added a little "mother" when necessary, and sold it next year as vinegar by the quart).

Someone must run the route and pick up the eggs from many homes, and then they must be candled, but that could be and usually was done after dark.

We must gather the veal, occasionally pigs, and put in the calf pen. They had to be killed after the flies had gone to bed or someone would have to stand and sway a leafy branch.

We must catch chickens and fill the chicken box on the back of the wagon, and we had better not get the layers.

I think "load-up" always came after dark, and everyone got in the act. "Wake up, son, you can sleep all day tomorrow on the way!" "Light here, Light here!" (Kerosene lantern). "Hammer, quick! Pick it up anyplace! Now this, now that." "Son, sack oats from the granery bin for the horses, and strap on the nose bags!" And Ma would always pick more, pull more, candle more and still always have the best meals in the world, and the best temper.

Then up at 3 a.m. Grain Old Nell and Bird (the baldies)—later years Doll, Kit and Nell; cuff 'em, harness 'em, load the veal (they must be well-covered with all the bedding to

keep the cool in and the dust out), and then—BREAKS-FAST! How could a kid eat that much that early in the morning? Now ten to twelve long, weary hours—not nearly so romantic then as they look on Wagon Train, or as they seem now in memory's eye. We broke the day with noon at Hamilton's in Riverton. Good dinner (we couldn't pay, but Pa left fruit) and kids our ages to play with. Then peddle up to the barn (the livery stable where we nighted our team and carried our bedding up the ladder into the hay loft to make a bed for a king). We had earlier gone to the butcher shops and unloaded our veal.

Before the barn we would sell Mrs. Main (not too clean, and her daughters had babies whether they were married or not), Mrs. Grant (the sheriff's wife), Mrs. Tibble (our best customer), etc., etc. About dark we'd go to the barn. We were not tired, but the horses were. We'd supper out of the "grub box" and Ma always had it plenty good, bless her!

Long evening ahead—about a dozen men and boys in the old office, or on a warm evening, on the bench in front. Stories—just starting to get good—"Well, son, let's get to bed. Big day tomorrow and I'm sleepy." And I just might get two or three words of a good, ripe story as we ascended the ladder.

If no one else was in the loft we'd kneel to pray. Otherwise we'd pray with his arm around me, which I surely loved. Then a long hard day peddling the camp and Upper Bingham where the Utah Copper started its mine at this time. It is now the Kennecott Copper Mine and has bought out all of the canyon to make one of the biggest mines in the world. Then up Carr Fork and Highland Boy.

We'd have dinner, and a good one, at the Bingham Hotel. Joe Lerwill, Proprietor and Theodore, waiter. The latter was a Greek who married a Whiteley girl from Lindon. We would usually sell out first day; gather up our empties; make our call-back collections which Pa recorded in his little indexed

account book with his eternal stub pencil; and make it home late afternoon, evening or night. It took less than half the time empty. The well-fed, well-worked team always wanted to hurry home, and trotted most of the way. Then we often took the "cut off" and waded along the big canal.

As we would start home Pa would say, "Here, son, hide this." He would give me his long heavy purse which I would conceal under bedding and boxes. He would get rid of the weight and the danger of robbery. In those days we saw few greenbacks—money was mostly silver and gold.

As we came in sight of home, the kids would come running to ride home with us, and, I'm sure, to find out what the treat was (Pa never failed them).

One "load-up" day Lew, (our Simon Legree) came home from going to Bishop Cullimore's store in Lindon to get part of our fruit load, and found Bell and I gone from our plum trees. He could hear cheering from the ball park, a mere quarter of a mile down the lane. He guessed that Bell's beau, Stan Keetch, might be pitching, and that big cottonwood tree had good limbs right back of center field for free. He made us come back to the "salt mine" with two out in the ninth.

Later years Pa and Ma eased up, and hauled mostly eggs and veal to Salt Lake City in a little Model T Ford touring car. Lew and I would handle the crops.

The day both Lew and I were married Pa brought such a load. We four had gone to Salt Lake the stormy day before. Lew and I delivered Pa's load while he tried to pacify our wives-to-be and the temple door man. PUFF! PUFF! we made it!

Mother always picked fastest and most of all. She used both hands and balanced on ladder or limb. She'd say, "If I fall, the ground will catch me." And it often did. Once from

a green gauge plum tree she fell, head first, on a cultivator
and was badly hurt.

I do hope you have a picture of this important part of our
youth. If, on my centennial, I am blessed with just partly as
fine a posterity as our Pa, I will feel that I have kept the
Great Commandment.



**TO SEVEN WONDERFUL BROTHERS AND SISTERS
NEW YEARS, 1967—FROM TEXAS**

Now that 67's gone, and we're all still hanging on,
Although half of us remember '99;
'Though it's only half-past-two, I have happy thoughts of
you—

And our folks, and friends and fortunes—and our "line."

"Honor them that give you birth, and live long upon the
earth,"

Said the Good Book that we all believe and love;
Well, we must have done it well, all those decades simply
"fell,"

And we love today as promised from above.

Now we hold a record grand, it's got almost out of hand
In the case of some of us, and Brother Lew;

But we're glad we have him still, he's still teaching us to fill
Sacred duties—while we can—and ties renew.

Uncle Bert's and Uncle Will's, Rosenquists, and Whites and
Mills,

All knew death within our ranks and near our years;
Uncle Han and Uncle Guy, Uncle Don—I guess Aunt Wry—
Lacy'd know! (This tribute just brought tears).

Up and down "The Avenue" I have searched each home we
knew—

Slaughts and Gardners—from Pierces to Ben Wright;
Armisteads and Mary Ann—'round "Hell's Corner"—Man,
oh! Man!—

Like un-marked doorposts on one dark Egyptian night.

Then, I "went out in the Ward," still the same, yes, our
good Lord

Meant what He said—our family's satisfied;
Even Lacy's mighty prayer couldn't even get her There—
We're all so glad it wasn't May that tried.

Each of you, but Dear Old Lew, writes us many lines, or few,
And send love and faith and hope that make us strong;
We "digested" (1) Em and Ace and "saw" every soul and
face

Through their words and eyes and hearts—it wasn't long.

Since then months, a year, have passed, but those
sweetened hours last,

Ace so honored us to sleep on our poor bed;
That dumped Ace when he plunked down, crowded them,
but not a frown,
God bless them with happy years ahead.

I am up, it's after eight, I am over two hours late
To "punch the clock" and turn "full steam ahead."
I just woke my lovely Swede with an answer, sad indeed,
"You just cook our oats and eat them. I'm just dead."

Then she opened "blind" brown eyes (that see husband's faults and flies),
And I saw that "old time glint" shine as she said,
If you'd let those Olpins rest, and just try to do your best
To get some sleep—reports won't be so "dead."

"Seventeen and three and two will come out to twenty-two
'Stead of twenty-three of four, or just nineteen.
And you wouldn't 'scratch' and say, 'If they only wouldn't pay,'
When you'd prayed they'd pay, and thanked the Lord they'd seen."

If we'd lived it "end on end" (what an awful thought to send),
Lacy would have been before Columbus time.
So our love has stood the test (we are not just at our best),
But, we never were—we'll always have to climb!

May we climb that "family stair," and still have some fun up
There,
And pick up each other every time we trip;
And it wouldn't be so kind to our sense of humor bind—
Let's have fun and pray and twinkle, or we'll flip.



Now we've missed one total year from the ones we hold most dear,

(2) (Counting you, this equals three score years and ten),
"The allotted life of man," just my years, I'm glad I ran,
And I humbly thank you all in prayer, Amen!

(1) Emma and Ace Boulter honored us by coming to LaMesa, Texas to see us. (Of course, they also visited their grand kids in Lubbock, so we can't take all of the credit).

(2) Counting all of our gang and you seven we come up with a total of 70, which I needed right here.

TO LACY IN FUN AND LOVE ON MEMORIAL DAY, 1964

By Joe upon assignment from May. The verses were sung by Paul Loertscher, the chorus by the entire family. Tune: Red River Valley.

Lacy knows all our faults, yet she loves us
Each one tells her his troubles and care;
You can tell her a sin or ambition,
And her wisdom and love she will share.

Chorus

When the talents were passed she was trusted,
And she's added until ten times ten;
When we all check them in may the Master
Tell us all what He tells Lacy then.

We must not let her think she is perfect,
Let's recall just a few of her faults,
So she won't think her (1) "hope of translation,"
Or her "praying for passage" exalts.

She was (2) blind that Merle Foutz was not perfect,
(3) Helped trap Lon into losing a tooth;
(4) Nearly got us all killed at her wedding;
And she even wore (5) paint in her youth.

She was (6) best of the clan picking cherries,
Only Joseph could keep in her dust,
Of course Bell will object, don't believe her
Memories older than mine you can't trust.

Like (7) Old Lewie some people need urging,
Doll and Lydie were not in that class,
And neither was Lacy (8) Minerva,
A "self-starter" was built in that lass.

I can never remember Ed Olpin
Or his wife urging Lacy to work.
Me, and some of the rest needed prodding—
It was never her nature to shirk.

Now this sister she had no bad habits
Unless tatting is labeled a vice,
But she tatted, then courted, then tatted,
And for years kept that courting on ice.

Beth and Nina could have older brothers,
But that tatting the process slowed down,
When I (9) peeped it was tatting, then romance,
And that romance I spread over town.

Then she wed on the "spur of the moment,"
She (10) baked biscuits and broke hubbie's tooth.
She made students not students be STUDENTS!
She made me, who might lie, tell the truth.

When her secrets and pent up emotions
Must come out and her (11) hair must come down,
She gets teachers and widows and spinsters,
And that gang gets to heck out of town.

How I fail when I try to name failings,

Lacy fits only virtue and good,
I give up—nothing mean ever happened,
In a hundred years more nothing would.

Your LeGrande—game for every occasion
Got an invite the veil to step through,
When they let him (Dear Sister, don't rush it),
He will come and escort you there, too.

"By their fruits ye shall know" say the scriptures,
Beth and Nina speak well for the tree,
And their children and their children's children
Just the sweetest of fruits better be.

(1) Hope of translation and praying for passage—Since the
passing of her husband, Lacy, with perfect faith and
positively no fear of the future has frequently expressed a
deep desire to join him. At times she has been a little upset
at the long delay. We're all happy the way it is.

(2) Lacy exemplified "to the pure all is pure" in this.

(3) Bell, Mother, Lacy and May tricked Lon into getting his
teeth out. (They needed to come). Even force was used, I am
told. Under sedation he is said to have said, "I wish I had
never met these damn Olpins."

(4) When we tried to give them an innocent little ride in a
wagon, they raced Old Doll and we had a wild, dangerous
race. I was an angel.

(5) Dad made Lacy and Bell take rouge off their cheeks more
than once. That was terrible then.

(6) Lacy, Bell, Mother and Lew were the best. I was the
worst.

(7) Old Lewie was our lazy horse. Lydie and Doll were lively.

(8) Minerva is Lacy's middle name.